THE Gentleman's Journal: OR THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, Muſick, Tranſlations, &c.

OCTOBER 1692.

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſi quem
Numina læva ſinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo. Virgil.

Tres mihi convivæ; propè diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato. Horat.

Licenſed, *Edm. Bohun.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Thoſe who are willing to ſend any thing in *Verſe* or *Proſe*, to be inſerted in this *Miſcellany*, are deſired to direct it as before, to be left at the *Latin Coffee-Houſe* in *Ave-Mary-lane*, or at Mr. *Baldwin's* in *Warwick-lane*, for the Author of the *Gentleman's Journal*, not forgetting to diſcharge the Poſtage.

4. b. 4. 165.

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

SIR,

YOU have been too kind to my laſt Month's Trifles, not to deſerve conſiderable Amends this time. To be read with ſome Patience was the utmoſt of my hopes; but, to be told in ſuch obliging terms, that my ſmall Endeavors have pleas'd, is what even I my ſelf (could I ſuſpect the Candor of thoſe that aſſure me of it) would never have believ'd; and you will allow that we Writers are a ſort of People not very incredulous in ſuch a Caſe. As for thoſe whoſe over-nice Appetites can never reliſh even the beſt of Dainties, I cannot expect they ſhould like my homely Fare. They are much like thoſe who make it their Buſineſs to rail at all manner of Government, and never live eaſie under any. *Martial* hath an Epigram to one of Theſe in his 9th Book, of which Sir *Charles Sedley* hath made an excellent Tranſlation, which would be able to reform them, were they not for the moſt part Incorrigible.

Dixerat, ô Mores! ô Tempora! &c.

O *Times! O Manners!* Cicero *cry'd out,*
But 'twas when enrag'd Catiline *conſpir'd*
To burn the City, and, to cut the Throat
Of the whole Senate, had his Ruffians hir'd;
When Son and Father did the World divide,
And Rome *for Tyrants, not for Empire fought;*
When ſlaughter'd Citizens, on either ſide,
Cover'd that Earth her early Valor bought.
Of Times and Men why doſt thou complain,
What is it, Coſcus, *that offends thee, ſay?*
Our Laws the Licence of the Sword reſtrain,
And our Prince wills that his arm'd Troops obey.
His Reign Succeſs, Freedom, and Plenty, Crown:
Blame not our Manners then, but mend thy own.

There are indeed many things more to be pitied than blam'd; give me leave to give you a freſh Inſtance of it.

LOVE ſacrific'd to HONOR.

Trueman and *Sparkly* were Gentlemen of good Eſtates and Quality, and were both intimate Acquaintance: Friends I can't ſay, becauſe Friendſhip is a Relation more generally pretended, than real. They being in a manner inſeparable, *Trueman* could not go to pay his Devotion to his ador'd Saint *Theodoſia*, unleſs *Sparkly* went to partake of that beatifical Viſion with him. She was, undoubtedly, one of the moſt *Beautiful* Creatures of her Age, of an honourable Family, and of no *mean* Fortune; which, however, was no way equal to her greater Thoughts, propoſing *nothing leſs* to herſelf by Marriage than a Coach and Six, and the Title of *Grace* or *Honour* at leaſt, which her Perſon and Education might well enough have adorn'd. The death of *Trueman*'s Father occaſion'd his ſpeedy Retreat into the Country; yet, tho' his Concerns there did immediately require his preſence, his more prevailing Paſſion oblig'd him to take a ſolemn Leave of his Miſtreſs, which cou'd not be perform'd, to his intire ſatisfaction, without *Sparkly*; whom he conjur'd, by all the ſacred obligations of a true Friendſhip, (which, it ſeems, *Trueman* unhappily had for t'other) to ſollicit his Suit to *Theodoſia* in his Abſence; which *Sparkly* promis'd with all the ſeeming Integrity that Humanity could be capable of. And *Theodoſia* herſelf gave him no ſmall encouragement to hope a good ſucceſs from his miſtaken Friend's mediation, appearing not a little diſturb'd that ſhe muſt ſuffer his Abſence for a whole tedious month.

The next day he began his Journy, and *Sparkly* his Viſits to *Theodoſia*; which at firſt, for a week, or ſo, were purely manag'd for the Intereſt of *Trueman*: But, by degrees (as the Devil, or rather the Frailty of Fleſh and Blood would have it) he found, that he was engag'd to make uſe of all his beſt Arguments on his own behalf: for he was really fall'n moſt perniciouſly in Love with her himſelf. Upon his firſt diſcovery of it to her, ſhe pretended to be ſtrangely ſurprized, and highly diſpleaſed; but in a little time he perſuaded her to endure the diſcourſe of his Paſſion: And *Trueman*'s Buſineſs engaging him in the Country ſome weeks longer than he propos'd, *Sparkly* continu'd his Addreſſes with ſuch ſucceſs, that ſhe, quite forgetting the little kindneſs ſhe had entertain'd for *Trueman*, transfer'd it all to *Sparkly*; and now there was nothing talk'd on amongſt their Friends, but their Marriage. Nay, ſome were of opinion, that that Ceremony had already paſs'd between 'em; ſince he had been ſeen coming from *Theodoſia*'s Lodgings at thoſe hours which are by the gra-

ver.

ver Sort call'd Unſeaſonable. This was ſo public a Diſcourſe, that it cou'd not chuſe but reach the Ears of the forſaken *Trueman*, who rightly looking upon her as ſhe was a perſon altogether ſway'd by her Ambition, *Sparkly* being the next Heir to his Father's Eſtate and Honour; and regarding that treacherous Man as one uncapable of a ſincere Friendſhip, after he had ſetled his Affairs in *Albion*, forſook it for the ſpace of two years; in which time his elder Brother dy'd without Iſſue, and he return'd to take poſſeſſion of his Eſtate and Titles.

Mean while the Town was ſtrangely defeated in their expectation of the Nuptials of *Sparkly* and *Theodoſia*, which gave ſome ill-natured People occaſion to ſay, *That if they were not married, 'twas certainly the worſe for* Theodoſia: And many whiſper'd as if ſhe had ſurrendred at diſcretion before the Articles were ſign'd on either ſide. This was often hinted to him from his familiar Friends, ſometimes in public Company, which he wou'd put off only with a kind of ſcornful Smile, and a faint indifferent Denial. Now, whence this Indifference of his proceeded, I can't imagine, unleſs, as it is moſt reaſonable to believe, he deſign'd, by ſuffering theſe diſcourſes of her, to make her ſenſible that the Town was already perſuaded, that ſhe had made him happy in the higheſt degree of her Favors, and ſo to evince to her, that the Scandal cou'd be no greater, if ſhe had really done ſo. For (Alas!) his deſign was never to have marry'd her, being as proud as ſhe was ambitious. But, after all, ſhe was moſt obdurately virtuous, and the laſt time ſhe ſaw him, told him, *That ſhe cou'd not but be too ſenſible how her Reputation had ſuffer'd, through his Ingratitude, for Favors which Modeſty might have permitted her to allow him, tho' the ill-natur'd Age had maliciouſly miſunderſtood 'em: That, however, it was a greater ſatisfaction to be ſo miſtaken, than to have the Reputation of being Virtuous without deſerving it.*

Ah, Trueman! (continu'd ſhe, with a Sigh) *this is for ſlighting Thee.* —— *Ay, Madam* (return'd *Sparkly*) *you who cou'd be falſe to him, who I am but too confident lov'd you moſt unfeignedly, no doubt wou'd have in a little time us'd me worſe, ſo perfectly I know your Temper: And ſo I leave you to be deſervedly tormented by your Pride, the ſole Obſtructer of all your Happineſs.* —— *The vengeance of ſlighted Love and wrong'd Innocence perſue Thee!* (return'd ſhe.) And ſo they parted: He in perſuit of ſome new Amour, and ſhe to a melancholy Retreat into the Country.

Trueman upon his Return to *England*, had receiv'd an exact and faithful Account of all the Tranſactions between his falſe Friend and his faithleſs Miſtreſs; the laſt of which he, it ſeems, ſtill lov'd ſo much, that he was reſolv'd to hazard his Life in vindication of her

Honour. A very fair Reſolution, in my opinion, for ſo foul a ſlight as ſhe put upon him! However, he ſoon went in ſearch of *Sparkly*, whom he found at one of the Eating-houſes they us'd formerly to frequent; whence, after they had eaten and drunk plentifully enough, and *Sparkly* had talk'd too much, becauſe injuriouſly of *Theodoſia*, *Trueman* deſir'd him to go along with him to take the Air into a Neighbouring Field, to which *Sparkly* readily conſented: There *Trueman* drawing his Sword, told him, *That he deſign'd to take Satisfaction for the Wrong done to* Theodoſia's *Reputation.* T'other was ſoon ready for the Diſpute, and they fell to work moſt vigorouſly. After ſome Paſſes, *Sparkly*'s Sword broke; upon which, he cry'd out to *Trueman*, *Perſue the advantage Heaven has giv'n you in the defence of the Innocent, and take my hated Life!* Trueman reply'd, *That Heaven who gave it him ſhould take it, and none elſe, ſince he made an acknowledgment of his Fault.* They then embraced, and *Sparkly* entreated that *Trueman* wou'd accompany him to *Theodoſia*, whoſe Reputation he was reſolv'd to vindicate, in acknowledging the Injury he had done her, by being the occaſion of ſuch Diſcourſes about the Town. They both waited on her ſoon after, tho' it was with ſome difficulty that ſhe prevailed on herſelf to ſee *Sparkly*; which undoubtedly ſhe had not, but for *Trueman*'s ſake. On the firſt ſight of her, ſetting one knee on the ground, he beg'd pardon for his offence againſt ſuch a Heav'n of Beauty and Virtue; and thought himſelf oblig'd to offer her Marriage, to confirm the aſſurances he gave her of his Repentance, imagining, perhaps, by her Anger, and by what *Trueman* had done for her, as much as by her extraordinary expreſſions of kindneſs to that generous Gentleman, that ſhe could not ſo ſuddenly accept ſuch a Proffer. To ſay the truth, ſhe ſeem'd to hearken but little to the Propoſal; and while ſhe hardly turn'd her head toward him, addreſſing herſelf to *Trueman*, began to make an Acknowledgment of her Inconſtancy to him; which he interrupted, telling her, *That ſhe ought now at laſt to be conſtant to one, and receive* Sparkly *into Grace and Mercy*; urging, *That her Reputation could not be intirely ſecur'd, unleſs ſhe marry'd him.*

She then prudently judging that to refuſe this, was the way to loſe them both, reply'd, *That ſince he cou'd ſo freely part with her to another, ſhe wou'd take his Advice, and ſacrifice all her Reſentments* (perhaps ſhe might have added, *her Love*) *to her Fame.* *Sparkly* could not in Honour go back; ſo, ſoon after, their Nuptials were publickly celebrated. But *Trueman* thought it not convenient, at leaſt, not very ſatisfactory, to be preſent at that Solemnity, ſince he thus ſacrific'd his Love to his Miſtreſſes Honour.

To ſacrifice our Paſſion to our Miſtreſſes Reputation, is as generous an Act, as it is to forbear Complaining, when there is as juſt a Cauſe for it, as the Author of the following Verſes ſeems to have: you will eaſily perceive that they were written by no vulgar hand.

A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

FOrſaken Strephon *in a loneſome Glade,*
By Nature for deſpairing Sorrows made,
Beneath a blaſted Oak had laid him down,
By lightning that, as he by Love o'rethrown:
Upon whoſe moſſy Root he lean'd his Head,
Beneath his Feet a murm'ring Current lead
Her Stream, that ſimpathiz'd with his ſad Moans,
The Neighb'ring Ecchoes anſwer'd all his Groans.
Twice had the dewy Morn reſtor'd the Day,
While ſtretcht on Earth the ſilent Mourner lay:
At laſt into theſe doleful Sounds he broke;
Obdurate Rocks diſſolving while he ſpoke.

What Language can my injur'd Paſſion frame,
That knows not how to give its Wrongs a Name?
My ſuff'ring Heart can all Relief refuſe,
Rather than Her, it once ador'd, accuſe.
Teach me, ye Groves, ſome Art to eaſe myPain,
Some unknown Phraſes that may leave no ſtain
On her lov'd Name, and then I will complain.
Till then, to all my Wrongs I will be blind,
And, while She's Cruel, call her but Unkind.
As all my Thoughts to pleaſe Her were employ'd,
When of Her Smiles the Bleſſing I enjoy'd;
So now Forſaken, Baniſht, and Forlorn,
Ill Rack Invention to excuſe Her Scorn.
While She to Truth and me unjuſt doe's prove,
From Her to Fate the Blame I will remove;
Say, 'twas a Deſtiny She cou'd not ſhun,
Fate made Her Change that I might be undone.
Ere with Perfidiouſneſs Her Heart I'll tax,
I'll rather charge the Frailty on Her Sex,

Doom'd

Doom'd their first Mother's Error to persue,
She never had been False, could Woman have been True.
In Love the Blessings of my Life I clos'd,
And in Her Custody that Love dispos'd:
In one dear Fraight all's lost; of Her bereft,
I have no Hope, no second Comfort left.
If such another Beauty I cou'd find,
A Beauty too that bore a constant Mind,
Ev'n that cou'd bring no Med'cine for my Pain:
I Lov'd not at a Rate to Love again.
No Change can Ease for my sick Heart prepare,
Widow'd to Love, and wedded to despair.

Thus sigh'd the Swain, at length his o'rewatch'd Eyes
A soft beguiling Slumber did surprize,
Whose flatt'ring Comfort prov'd both short and vain,
Refresht, like Slaves, from Racks, for sharper Pain.

That Love must be very violent which has force enough to cause Despair; but Despair proves often the Cure of Love, and then Scorn follows, and then Lampoon and Satyr. There has been lately one publish'd against the Sex as a Remedy for Unfortunate Lovers. It is the Sixth of *Juvenal* which has been lately made *English*, with the rest of his admirable Satyrs. It was translated by Mr. *Dryden*, and would have made the World sensible of it, even if he had not set his Name to it. He hath also English'd the first, third, tenth and sixteenth Satyrs, with his usual success. Mr. *Tate* hath given us the second, and fifteenth, which are translated with all the Wit and Spirit of which their Subjects are capable. Mr. *Charles Dryden* hath English'd the seventh, and Mr. *John Dryden* the fourteenth; wherein they have so exactly copied their Father's admirable strain, that they seem to want none of that warmth, and other Beauties which shine in his and *Juvenal*'s manly Verse. The other Satyrs are done by so eminent hands, that without doubt they must be ingeniously done. I have not had time yet to peruse them, so I shall omit speaking of them till my next. As also of the Dedication, wherein Mr. *Dryden* gives a large and learned account of Satyr. In the mean while I shall give you *Juvenal*'s Character from a great Master, and his great Imitator Monsieur *Des Preaux*, alias *Boileau*.

Juvenal

Juvenal elevé dans les cris de l'ecole
Pouſſa juſqu'a l' excês ſa mordante hyperbole.
Ses ecrits pleins par tout d'affreuſes veritès
Etincellent pourtant de ſublimes beautés.

Which Sir *William Soams* hath Engliſhed thus:

And Juvenal, *learn'd as thoſe Times could be,*
Too far did ſtretch his ſharp Hyperbole.
Tho' horrid Truths thro' all his Labours ſhine,
In what he writes there's ſomething of Divine.
In all he writes appears a noble Fire,
To follow ſuch a Maſter then deſire.

You will find him happily follow'd in the enſuing Tranſlation of part of his 8th Satyr. It was written ſome years ago by Mr. *Dennis*, and it is pity that he hath not gone through the whole Satyr.

HOW vain a thing's Deſcent! How poor the Fame
Of a deriv'd hereditary Name!
Or Rooms of State by proud Patricians *hung,*
With mighty Conqu'rors from whoſe Loyns they ſprung,
Where with the Pageantry of painted Pride,
Th' Æmilians in triumphant Chariots ride.
That ſuch prodigious Coxcombs ſhould be found,
As to be proud of Shadow, and of Sound!
Deform'd, half, headleſs Heroes to expoſe
In Statues rotten, and conſum'd as thoſe.
For what Advantage can at laſt be thine,
Tho' the wide Arms of thy extended Line
Renown'd old Roman *Magiſtrates embrace,*
If thy vile Life brands thy whole glorious Race?
If in thy brave Forefathers awful ſight,
Their Offspring drinks all Day, and plays all Night;
Then at the Dawn lies down, at which they arm'd,
To the dire Field by Glories Trump alarm'd.
Can Fabius *value himſelf with any Face*
On Gallic *Trophies, and th'* Herculean *Race,*
Fabius *Rome's Scandal, and his Line's Diſgrace?*
The vaineſt, lewdeſt Fop about the Town,
Heavy and ſoft as Slumbers on the Down.

Who by the Pumice-ſtone's prepoſterous Uſe,
His pathick Loins adapting for Abuſe,
Do's all his ruſty Anceſtors traduce.
Till at the laſt his poys'ning Practice known,
Defiles their Statues, and deſtroys his own,
By the juſt Laws for his high Crimes o'rethrown.
Tho' your entail'd ſwol'n Titles Volumes fill,
If you want Virtue you're but Rabble ſtill.
Paulus *and* Coſſus *Names ſet high by Fate,*
May bring ſome noiſie Pomp, ſome empty State,
But their rare Virtues make you truly Great.
Conſul, or private Man, let thoſe be ſhown,
Let thoſe before your very Rods *be known.*
If Noble to be thought by me y' aſpire,
Know 'tis a Noble Mind that I require.
If you're in Life unblam'd, in Practice juſt,
True to your Friend, and faithful to your Truſt,
To your high Birth immediately I vail,
Silanus *or* Getulicus *all Hail !*
Or from whatever Stem thou com'ſt beſide,
Its Glory and th' exulting Countries Pride,
With Rapture, I have found thee, *ſtrait I cry,*
Like the Egyptians *when their God they ſpy.*
Who calls him Great, whoſe Life his Race belyes,
And want of worth adulterate Blood deſcryes,
Who calls him Noble, do's it by Abuſe,
For wicked Ironies are much in uſe.
This let Rubellius Plancus *ponder well,*
Whom the brave Druſi's *lofty Line do's ſwell.*
As if ſuch Virtues did in Plancus *ſhine,*
That (could he yet be got) thoſe Pow'rs Divine,
Might claim to be incorporate in Rome's *Imperial Line:*
As if ſuch Things *could not in haſte be made*
By ſome lewd Rogue, and ſome Suburbian Jade.
Had but his ſporting Mother known that Thing
Would from the pleaſure which ſhe toyl'd for Spring,
That very thought had damp'd her active Flame,
And of approaching Bliſs had bilk'd the panting Dame.
Yet with diſdain this haughty Blockhead eyes
Thoſe of a lower Rank, and thus he cryes:
" *Baſe Scoundrels, you of* Rome *the Lees and Scum,*
" *To whom your Fathers Countries are unknown,*
" *As were your wretched Fathers to their own,*
" *Whilſt from Crown'd Heads and Demy-gods I come.*

Long

Long may your Honour *live; and, whilſt you live,*
With Joy t'your ſelf your topping Titles give.
Yet know amongſt theſe Scoundrels ſome have Senſe
Adorn'd with Wit and manly Eloquence.
And if you with litigious Foes contend,
Amongſt this Scum a Lord may want a Friend,
Who can your Sotts of Quality defend.
Ev'n from the Lees of Rome *brave Spirits riſe,*
Who, ſearching Glory, Death and Wounds deſpiſe;
Some to the Rhine, *and tam'd* Batavians *run,*
Some to Euphrates, *and the riſing Sun:*
Whilſt thou, contented with a borrow'd Fame,
Stick'ſt to thy Fathers Statues, like the ſame,
A cold dull Maſs, and a high ſounding Name:
True; Freakiſh Action Life in Plancus *proves,*
Yet their rare ſhapes, tho' fix'd as ſtone behoves,
Expreſs more Soul than thine, whoſe ſenſleſs Figure moves.

Thus, as you ſee, there is no true Nobility without Virtue: All other Glories are tranſitory, and, as the following Verſes will tell you, have nothing to ſecure them from

UNCERTAINTY.

HOW ſtrange, how ſudden is the Birth,
How quick the loſs, of all our Joys on Earth!
Old Time, tho' Wings aſſiſt his flight,
Tho' he out-cut the whiſtling Winds,
Tho' he the rapid Lightning binds,
And count the ſhapeleſs thoughts of active Minds;
He's Leaden-heel'd, but theſe too light:
When he to over-reach them flyes,
They tire his Wings, they tire his aged Eyes,
He flags his Wings, quite ſpent, he flags his Wings and dyes.

Juſt now my dear Melania *ſmiled,*
Juſt now ſhe frown'd, or were my thoughts beguil'd,
They both ſo in an Inſtant came?
As when the thund'ring Cannon rains
A ſtorm of Shot to ſcour the Plains.
It carries Fate at once, and fatal Pains;

Melania's *Looks effect the ſame;*
'Twas ſo ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas ſo ſhe frown'd,
The ſudden Change did my dull Senſe confound,
And yet one dampt my Soul, my Joys the other crown'd.

Such are the ſtrange Effects of Love
When either fixt below, or rais'd above:
That happy Man who Heav'n admires
Is ſtill poſſeſt with aguiſh Fears,
And jealous all his Love appears,
And every Doubt his mighty Gain endears,
Tho' he burn all in ſacred Fires.
Thus, while on Earth for good we ſtrive,
And Death or Life one ſingle Look can give,
We dye we know not how, we know not when we live.

As when thoſe fiery Phantoms riſe,
Which ſoftly ſlide before our wand'ring Eyes,
The working Fancy, all Deſign,
Quite gluts itſelf upon a Shade
By ſome ſhort Scene of Honour made,
And plots ſtrange things, t'have Crowns and Realms convey'd
By ſolemn Acts to Fancies Line;
Yet, when we wake, the Regal Throne
Is vaniſh'd, and the great Attendance gone,
And we, poor Subjects ſtill, left naked, and alone.

So windy Glories flie, and ſo
Soft Pleaſures, fleeting Health and Riches go:
Nothing we here enjoy's our own,
But, when we graſp 'em ſureſt round,
And think the ſlippery Mates faſt bound,
Our vainly circled Arms are empty found.
Health, Wealth, Mirth, Honours all are gone:
Virtue alone Time's ſtrength outvies,
And makes the towring Soul all upwards riſe;
That gives us Life alone, that only never dies.

Then farewel Honour, I'le no more
A fickle Mock-Divinity adore.
Pleaſures and Riches both farewel,
I'le ne're reſtrain my nobler Mind

To brute Delights, or Earth refin'd:
But ſoar above, and leaving Toys behind,
In ſhades of laſting Virtue dwell:
There perfect Health ſhall always ſtay,
Nor ſhall Melania's *heav'nly Love decay,*
Virtue ſecures 'em both, where Virtue bears the ſway.

If Virtue ſecures Love from Decay, it may alſo be ſaid that when it is real, it can never turn to Hate, whatſoever may be thought to the contrary; let us conſider the Caſe ſomewhat ſeriouſly,

Whether it is poſſible to hate One whom we have really lov'd?

THE Paſſions differ in their Nature, and with relation to the Object that gives them Birth. Some are ſwift and tranſitory, and their Effect is violent; but they do not laſt long, and hardly leave any traces in the Soul. The Object paſſes, and its *Idea* ſoon vaniſhes. Joy and Anger are of that kind: Thoſe Paſſions ſucceed one another, and may be cauſed by the ſame Object; whereas ſtrong and laſting Paſſions making a deeper impreſſion on our Souls, leave in them a Character and Image of their Object, which cannot be eaſily removed; ſuch are Sadneſs and Grief, but above all, Love and Hate.

It muſt alſo be granted, that contrary Paſſions ſeldom captivate the heart with reſpect to the ſame Object; for not only to ſay that there is always in us one predominant Paſſion, 'tis evident that the Object which hath firſt ſtruck our Imagination, leaves in it an Obſtacle not to be overcome by the Effect which the contrary Paſſion would produce there. This Obſtacle is nothing but the habit of the Paſſion, which is very different from the motion of the contrary Paſſion. Now Love being an habit contracted by the transformation of the Lover, and of the belov'd Object, it may be ſaid that it is impoſſible to hate what we once really lov'd.

We cannot hate it by Antipathy; for what Imperfection ſoever we diſcover in it, whatever Injuries we receive from it, it ſtill hath I know not what Charms that draw and faſten us to it, in ſpight of all the Efforts we make to leave it. Shall we hate it by Averſion, and look upon the Principle of our Good and Felicity as an Evil? Shall we hate it by Revenge, and wiſh Ill to the Perſon whoſe Welfare we ſought ſo earneſtly? Alas! to revenge our ſelves on thoſe we love, is to be revenged againſt our ſelves. Hear what the greateſt Maſter in the Art of Love, and who beſt underſtood its Being, makes

makes the diſconſolate *Oenone* ſay when ſhe ſaw *Helen* in her *Paris*'s Arms. She ſhould have revenged herſelf on that unfaithful Man; yet

'Twas then I beat my Breaſt, and tore my Hair,
With all the Symptoms of a deep Deſpair.

So true it is, that, far from being able to hate one whom we have once really lov'd, we rather puniſh our ſelves for the wrong he hath done us. Beſides, if, as ſome have believ'd, Love is an Impreſſion of God himſelf, who can ever think to remove it? If it is caus'd by the over-ruling Stars, who ſhall overcome it? In ſhort, if it proceeds from a certain relation between the mind of the Lover, and that of the belov'd Object, who can break that charming harmony? We ſhould act againſt our Reaſon, did we hate what deſerves our Love; and thoſe motions being involuntary, cannot therefore deſtroy it.

We generally form in our Minds an odious Image of what ever we hate, that follows us every where, and deſtroys in our Minds all the good qualities, and whatever is lovely in the hated Object; that Image oppoſes itſelf to all the kind Sentiments we might conceive of it, and even makes us have an averſion to all that good it might do us. In the ſame manner, when we love, we keep ſo lively and charming an *Idea* of the belov'd Object, that it removes all its Defects, and even all the Scorn and Cruelty with which it repays our Affection. The Lover and belov'd Object contract ſo ſtrict an Union, that they, as it were, become but one, and this Union grows into an habit not to be chang'd: Whether it is that the Image (which is imprinted in our Soul, produces always the ſame Effect in it; or that the Soul, which may be ſaid to be more in what it loves, than in what it animates, cannot leave its place of Reſt and Complacency; however, it is moſt certain that Love leaves in us certain Traces or *Veſtiges* of the belov'd Object, not only capable of making our hearts impenetrable by Hatred, but alſo of reviving a ſtronger Paſſion than we felt before, and theſe are thoſe Remains of Love which ſome compare to Embers hid under the Aſhes.

As for thoſe who are of Opinion, that Hatred may proceed from a Love that is either tyr'd or anger'd, I would ask them, Whether a real Lover can ever be weary of Loving, or Anger hold out againſt Love? They may as well grant, that ſuch a Lover never lov'd with a true and ſtrong Affection, and then there will be no Queſtion to ſolve.

Anger is indeed a Vapor that may overcaſt Love for a while, but it cannot ſtifle it quite. It tranſports us ſometimes ſo far, as to revenge

our

our ſelves on our Love, but never to ſuch an Exceſs as to deſtroy it. Even in its greateſt Rage it hath Conſiderations for the belov'd Object, and this cauſed *Hypſipyle* to ſay in her Letter to *Jaſon* that had forſaken her,

How could you look upon my Sons and me?
Traytor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?
Yet I this baſe, this perjur'd Wretch had ſpar'd,
And, even then, my Mercy had appear'd.

And what Lover doth not know, that all the Quarrels and Anger in Love, rather encreaſe than leſſen it, according to the Senſe of the Proverb: For as when the Storm is over, the Sky ſeems more ſmiling and ſerene than before; ſo, after a Quarrel, Lovers often burn with fiercer Flames, than if they had never diſagreed.

As for Diſtaſte, and Inconſtancy, 'tis true thoſe that love but faintly are but too ſubject to them, but they never go ſo far as Hatred. To hate what we have well loved, we muſt, if that be poſſible, love it ſtill. This kind of Hatred is caus'd by too violent a Love: We then love what we think we hate, and all our fierceſt Tranſports are only the weak marks of a falſe Hatred.

There hath been cruel and barbarous Lovers, whoſe Love hath turn'd to Fury; but they were leſs real Lovers than Butchers. *Mahomet* II. ſtruck off his Miſtreſſes Head with a Blow; but Ambition alone made him offer that great Sacrifice; nor had Hatred any ſhare in it, but his heart, as cruel as it was, paid a dear price for the exceſs of his brutiſh Vanity. But what have we to do with *Mahomet?* Can a *Barbarian* be capable of loving? No, let us own, that a real Lover loves his Miſtreſs for ever. Let her be ſcornful, let her be cruel, or unfaithful, ſtill ſhe is lovely, he will not, he cannot hate her. Nor did he deſerve the name of a Lover, who from Fickleneſs proceeds to Ingratitude and Hatred. I therefore conclude with the Proverb, *That true Love never dies.*

To confirm this, read the following Allegory. It was given me by a Gentleman, who, as you will find, knows the difference between vulgar and uncommon Love.

LOve's Flame, with glittering gawdy Light,
A while doth entertain the Sight:

With

With kindling Beams it chears the Heart,
And moves Delight in ev'ry part,
Fills all the Senſes, and doth give
The beſt Excuſe we have to live.
Yet Time, which finite things obey,
O'repowr's, and works it to decay.
But I, by heav'nly Chymiſtry, refine
My Love to ſuch Perfection, 'tis Divine;
And, like the purer elemental Fire,
Unwaſted burns, and never can expire:
Thro' gloomy Death it paſſes to the Sky,
Glorioufly ſhining to Eternity.

Catullus did not extend his Love for his dear *Lesbia* ſo far; tho' nothing can be more paſſionate than his Verſes to her, of which the following Tranſlation was given me by a Gentleman, whoſe late Poetical Productions have been univerſally admir'd.

Vivamus, mea *Lesbia*, &c.

LET us live on, my Lesbia, *let us live,*
And love, for Love is all that Life can give:
No matter what the Grave and Aged ſay,
Their ſullen Night is envious of our Day.
The ſetting Sun, which leaves the World to mourn
In Clouds his abſence, will again return:
But oh! when thoſe much fairer Suns, thy Eyes
Shall once be ſet they never more will riſe;
Perpetual Night will overcaſt thy Charms,
And jealous Death will lock thee in his Arms.
Give me a thouſand Kiſſes then in haſte,
O let us not one precious moment waſte,
But give a hundred next, and then a thouſand more,
Another hundred now, for yet I'm poor;
A thouſand next; quickly our Lips let's ply,
We cannot kiſs ſo faſt as Time will fly:
And after thouſand thouſands more, we'll then,
With other thouſands, [illegible] out thoſe again:
So ſhall we loſe th' Accompt, and never know
A ſtint of what we to each other owe:
So ſhall not Envy reach, nor Malice gueſs
Our countleſs Kiſſes, unknown Happineſs.

Indeed

Indeed it muſt be granted, that many times Vertue has a leſs ſhare than Envy, in the grave Lectures of decay'd Sinners to the amorous Young. Here are ſome Verſes by Sir *Charles Sedley*, that confirm the Aſſertion: They are addreſs'd

To a Devout YOUNG LADY.

PHyllis, this mighty Zeal aſſuage,
You over-act your Part;
The Martyrs at your tender Age
Gave Heav'n but half their Heart.

Old Men, till paſt the Pleaſure, ne're
Declaim againſt the Sin;
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too ſevere,
And, like a treach'rous Light,
Beauty the Actions of the Fair
Expoſes to their Sight.

And yet this World as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too:
Kind Combinations ſeldom miſs,
Let's try what we can do.

'Tis too much of Love: The indefatigable Care of our Prince for the welfare of *Europe*, is a Theme to which all others ought to give place. However, I will not offer any thing upon ſo great a Subject in Proſe, when Verſe itſelf, the Language of the Gods, is hardly able to give us an *Idea* of what we owe to our Tutelar Divinity. Here are ſome Verſes, which are a commendable Eſſay towards ſuch an Undertaking. They were written by Mr. *Henry Denne*.

On His MAJESTY.

HOW long muſt the Reſtorer of our State,
That Royal Engine of deſigning Fate,
Toyl, the Concerns of Heav'n to compleat?
In whoſe cloſe Breaſt their Councils Brood ſecure,
And Europe's *Welfare waits the mighty Hour;*

Where

Where Lewis *Ruine yet in* Embryo *lies,*
And whence kind Peace intends her ſacred Riſe:
Th' alluring Dictates of ſoft Eaſe he ſlights,
With Jove *in Flame and Thunder he delights.*
The Dooms of Nations He and Fate diſpoſe,
The One decrees but what the other does.
His Arms the Briny Empire late maintain'd,
And Britiſh *Waves with* French *Diſhonour ſtain'd.*
'Tis true, yet Conqueſt holds the queſtion'd Ball,
As loth to let the mighty Lawrel fall;
Yet certain to adorn the Engliſh *Brow,*
Proceeds in Blood before ſhe does beſtow,
Like Heav'n and Fate in great Donations ſlow.
This won, then NASSAU, *re-adorn your Crown,*
Can you forgo MARIA *for Renown?*
So keen for Fame? Awhile the World delay,
After a Pauſe in Albion's *Arms, convey*
Your Sword as far as the Retreat of Day.
With Britiſh *Shields affright the Eaſtern Moon,*
And rob the Indian *of their God the Sun.*
Methinks I ſee already on the Loom
Revolving Years of the Third Edward *come.*
I ſee the Martial'd Brittains *in a Line,*
In Engliſh *Helmets quaff the Conquer'd* Seine,
While WILLIAM's *Health goes round in tributary Wine.*
I ſee his Pow'r thro' the won Realm diffuſe,
Now Gallia *yields, and* Boileau *damns his Muſe.*
He now on Lewis *pleads an Irony,*
To you NASSAU, *the transfer'd Praiſes fly.*
No trivial Statue ſhall thy Fame ſuffice,
We'le raiſe Coloſſi *to th' endanger'd Skies,*
And ſhew the Gods how NASSAU's *Virtues riſe.*
Beyond where're the Roman *Eagles flew,*
A Pitch the lingring Cæſars *never knew.*
Bleſt be the Day when the long forming Years
Diſclos'd the Hero to the wond'ring Spheres.
When firſt the Ocean knew its Infant Lord,
The Albion *Genius ſhook, the* Belgic *Lyons roar'd;*
Europe *took Notice of the mighty Throw,*
And rev'rend Nature did with Homage bow.
So fares the World when a NASSAU *appears,*
NASSAU! *the Nobleſt Favor of the Stars.*

Nor

Nor a leſs Triumph ſignaliz'd the Time
When firſt MARIA *grac'd the Engliſh Clime.*
Fair, at her Birth, the Royal Beauty ſhone,
As when, the Preſident of Light, the Sun
With Infant Luſtre, and with new-born Ray
Had ſhook of Chaos, and began the Day.
The Conſcious Planets joyn'd the Mighty Pair
Decreed by Fate the parted Globe to ſhare.
Wiſely the Gods, for Vertues like their own,
Preventing Cenſure, did provide a Throne;
The Juſtice equal, and the Plea's the ſame,
As they their Altars, theſe their Sceptres claim.
Yet what a loſs of Pow'r had each ſuſtain'd,
Had diſtant MARY *from her* WILLIAM *reign'd?*
Leſs had their Grandeur, leſs their Empire grown,
He'd wanted th' Engliſh, She the Gallic Crown.
So two fair Planets that adorn the Sphere,
With a leſs ſplendor, if a-part, appear.
But when their dazzling Glories kindly joyn,
With fiercer Vigour, greater State they ſhine.
Nor can their Native Bounds their Rays contain,
But o're the ſubject World with mingl'd Beams they reign.

Mr. *Rhymer* will ſhortly oblige the World with ſome more of his nice and judicious Criticiſms on ſome of our Dramatick Writings; This is a Piece of News which will doubtleſs pleaſe you extremely.

Mr. *Tate* hath lately written a moſt uſefull Treatiſe, not yet publiſh'd, it may well bear the Name of, *The Compleat Tutor.* The Neceſſity of Inſtruction, and Benefit of a good Tutor, his Character and Office; and whether private or publick Inſtruction is beſt, are the ſubject of part of the Work. Then the Method of Teaching, and the Faults and Miſtakes in preſent Practice are detected. A curious Eſſay upon the Characters of ſome Claſſic Authors, Orators, Hiſtorians and Poets follows; and another, where ſome Rules are offer'd to attain to the Writing of a good Engliſh Style. You muſt own that all theſe Subjects, well treated as they are, will be extremely neceſſary, not only to Beginners, but to ſuch who already have a Tincture of Learning.

Mr. *Dennis*, to whom I am oblig'd for ſeveral of the choiceſt Pieces in my Miſcellanies, hath lately Engliſh'd *The Paſſion of* Byblis. It is publiſh'd with a Preface and Annotations. It hath been admir'd by the ſevereſt Critics, and indeed there cannot be more Warmth, more Majeſty, and yet more Softneſs and Delicacy than appears in that Admirable Tranſlation.

The Ingenious have for many Ages regretted the Loſs of ſo many things in *Petronius Arbiter*, which rendred one of the wittieſt and pleaſanteſt Narrations ſo defective; Theſe Fragments have been, as we are told, reſtor'd to *Petronius*, and *Encolpius* his account is now uninterrupted. I have not had time to peruſe it. They tell us that the entire Manuſcript was found at *Belgrade*, and being fallen into the hands of the Learned *Nodotius* of *Strasburgh*, it was printed at *Lyons*, and then at *Rotterdam*, and now reprinted at *London* for Mr. *Churchill*.

I told you that Mr. *Le Clerc*'s *Logic*, *Ontology* and *Pneumatology*, was printed for the ſame in *Engliſh:* I ſhould have ſaid only, that it is reprinted in *England* for him.

Mr. *Le Clerc*, being no Devote to Bigottry or Cuſtome, and thinking that, as Reaſon is the chief diſtinction betwixt man and beaſt, ſo it ought alone to be our Guide in all the enquiries after Truth, which depend on *right Reaſoning*, hath given to his Logic, the Title of *The Art of right Reaſoning*.

Logic in its original, when firſt collected into a Body by *Zeno Eleates* (as Mr. *Le Clerc* has it) from the Obſervations of the verbal Diſputations of the *Grecians*, the moſt affected to Diſputes and Loquacity, was only invented for a greater volubility in defending and oppoſing any Argument *ex tempore*; not by force of true Reaſoning, which *Socrates* alone obſerv'd, but by the obſervation of certain Rules, a breach whereof was a loſs of the Cauſe; and ſo *Logic* directed our words more than thoughts. The ſame it continued under the addition of following times, till *Deſcartes* and ſome of the foregoing Age turn'd it from the Art of Wrangling to the Art of Reaſoning. None have given ſo perfect a Body of this Science as Mr. *Le Clerc* in this *Logic*; having cleared it of its voluminous Trifles, and made Remarks on their defects and abſurdities; his *Ontology*, or *Metaphyſics*, is clear'd from the confuſions and mixtures with things not relating to Beings in general, the proper object of that Science, which is there alſo conſiderably improv'd. Not to ſpeak of his *Pneumatology*, where he gives us as plain an inſight as is poſſible into the order of intelligent Natures or Spirits.

The Learned had waited a long time for a new Edition of *Bocharti Opera omnia*, it hath been lately publiſhed in *Holland*, with an account of his Life, wherein they tell us that he was of *Roan*. There are ſeveral Additions, and alſo a Letter in it to M. *de Segrais*, wherein M. *Bochart* aſſerts that *Eneas* never went into *Italy*. If this be true, the *Eneis* of *Virgil* is a Fiction much exceeding what we call Poetical Licenſe. Some will ſay that at leaſt the ground of a Poem ought to be founded upon Truth; that though the Circumſtances

may

may be feign'd, 'tis ſomewhat too much for the chief Subject to be ſo too; and that our mind takes no intereſt in a relation wherein we are ſenſible that we are impos'd upon in every particular, ſince we love at leaſt to ſee the image of Truth. They will add, that it was enough to have brought *Dido* and *Eneas* together, though they liv'd at ſome Ages diſtance from each other. Though after all, that ought to be indulg'd, ſince that *Epiſode* contributes much to the Embelliſhment of the Poem; Tho', if the Hero never went out of *Aſia* his Atchievements in *Italy* ſeem ſomewhat too Romantic. M *Bochart* cites ſome ancient Authors who write that, after the extirpation of *Priam*'s race, *Eneas* reign'd over the Trojans, and that ſome Monuments of him and his Son *Aſcanius* were ſeen in that Countrey. *Strabo* ſaith the ſame. Beſides, M. *Bochart* obſerves that if *Eneas* had been in *Italy*, he would have brought in with him the worſhip of the Goddeſs *Venus*, which was unknown to old *Rome*. The great Goddeſs and Mother of the Gods, *Cybele*, that had ſo many Temples in *Greece*, and *Apollo* the Trojans tutelar God, were worſhip'd by the Romans but 500 years after *Romulus*. How is it likely then that *Eneas the pious* would not have tranſplanted his Gods, and eſtabliſhed his Religion as well as the Empire of *Rome*. M. *Bochart* hath made a yet more crabbed inquiry into the matter; he hath examin'd all the words we have left of the *Phrygian* Tongue, and obſerv'd that not one of them hath been adopted by the Latins. Now there is no Colony but confounds its Language with that of the Countrey where it is tranſported, and leaves ſome traces of it at leaſt. However M. *Bochart* excuſes *Virgil* by the prerogative of Poets that are not confin'd to bare Truths, but may give us Fictions, provided they be pleaſing or uſefull. Beſides, *Virgil* was not the Inventor of this. That error was among the Romans before his time. The *Epocha* of the War of *Troy* was ſo famous in thoſe times, that there were but few Nations who did not endeavour to prove themſelves deſcended from its fugitive Hero's. The Romans valued themſelves upon that extraction, and it would not perhaps have been ſafe to have contradicted them; and *Virgil*, as a Poet, was not more oblig'd to write Truth than the Hiſtorians that wrote before him. The Romans were even ſo fond of the glory of that extraction, that the Senate granted large privileges to thoſe of *Ilium*, in token of their common extraction. *Virgil* then was too wiſe to make no uſe of ſo happy an error, and not to flatter *Auguſtus Ceſar* for his deſcent of that noble and illuſtrious Stock, to which the Fates had promis'd the Empire of the World.

Mr. *Gronovius* hath given us a curious new Edition of *Cicero's* Works in four thin Volumes in *4to.* or in eleven Volumes in *12mo.* the *11th.* Volume conſiſting only of Tables.

There is a Book called *Archæologiæ Philoſophicæ, ſive, Doctrina antiqua de rerum Originibus, libri duo.* It is by the famous Dr. M. *Burnet*, who wrote the *Theory of the Earth*, and full of Erudition. It hath ſomething very particular concerning the Book of *Geneſis.*

The *Prælectiones Academicæ*, by Mr. *Dodwell*, is another moſt learned Piece, which hath lately ſeen the light: His *Appendix, de Libris Linteis* is very curious.

There is a Book call'd *Chronicon Saxonicum*; it is tranſlated out of old *Saxon* Manuſcripts, and made Latin by Mr. *Edmund Sibſon.*

The Engliſh *Polybius* will ſpeedily appear. You need not doubt of the Elegancy and other Graces of that Tranſlation, ſince 'tis Sir *Henry Sheers* that gives it, as Mr. *Dryden* doth the Character of *Polybius*; an Author whoſe worth Sir *Walter Rawleigh* knew ſo well, that he is not a little indebted to him for ſome of the moſt beautifull parts of his admirable Hiſtory.

There is a very fine French Tranſlation of the Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of *Mexico*, by *Cortez*, out of the Spaniſh of *Don Antonio de Solis.* It is a Book whoſe reading will give you a great deal of pleaſure.

The Hiſtory of Count *Tekely* in French will give you alſo much ſatisfaction; it treats of the moſt conſiderable paſſages in *Hungary*, from his birth to the year 1692. and is of quite another nature than a trifling Novel printed ſome years ago by the name of *Le Comte de Tekeli.*

Sir *Charles Cotterell*, ſenior, hath tranſlated out of Spaniſh into Engliſh a very choice Treatiſe of Devotion written originally by the Biſhop of *Oſma*, with ſome Alterations. It is call'd, *The Spiritual Year*, or, *Devout Contemplations digeſted into diſtinct Arguments for every month and every week in the year.*

The Anſwer to *L'avis aux Refugiez*, by Mr. *Abbadie*, is juſt publiſh'd, by the Title of, *Defenſe de la Nation Britannique, ou, Les droits de Dieu, de la Nature, & de la Societé clairement etablis, au ſuject de la revolution d'Angleterre:* his late Treatiſe called, *l'Art de ſe connoitre ſoy même*, is Engliſhing.

I hear that there is a new *Horace, in uſum Delphini* printed at *Paris* in two Vol. *4to.* And, if I am not miſtaken, it is by the learned *Cantelius.* It is a bold undertaking after Mr. *Dacier.*

There is a French Book which is an Hiſtorical Treatiſe of all the French Coins with their Figures, from the beginning of the Monarchy to this day, with the Addition of a Diſſertation on ſome Coins

of

of *Charles* the Great and his Succeſſours ſtamp'd at *Rome.*

There is alſo a Novel in French call'd, *La Ducheſſe de Medo.* Alſo a Collection of ſome of the choiceſt Pieces of the French Poets ancient and modern, with a ſhort account of their Lives in five Volumes, 12*mo.*

Since the Famous Monſieur *Menage*'s death, his *Etymological Dictionary of the French Tongue* is printing at *Paris*, with ſome other Origins of the French Tongue at the end of it, by one Mr. *Caſeneuve.*

They alſo print at the *Louvre* Father *Thomaſin*'s Dictionary which reduces all Languages to the Hebrew.

Mr. *Baillet* hath publiſh'd at *Paris* his *Abregé de la vie de Deſcartes.* 'Tis alſo ſaid, that a Prelate is writing ſome excellent Memoires of *Deſcartes*'s Life, they are directed to Mr. *Regis*, as four Letters were lately directed to Mr. *Baillet*, with the Title of *Reflections ſur les Jugemens des Scavans.* Thoſe Memoirs are Dialogue wiſe, between Monſieur *Chanut* and Mr *Deſcartes*, he is wittily and nicely rallied in them, and at laſt confin'd into *Lapland*, to erect a School there, where he is to teach his notions about *Vortices.*

There is a Catalogue of the Archb. of *Rheims* Library in the Preſs at *Paris*, it will be a Volum like that of the *Oxford* Library. Father *Commires* is upon a French Hiſtory of their Wars with the Engliſh.

Mr. *Duhamel* hath publiſhed in *France* ſome Critical Reflections on the *Carteſian* Syſtem of Mr. *Regis*; Mr. *Vaillant* his *Numiſmata Imperatorum Romanorum præſtantiora à Julio Cæſare*,&c. and Mr. *De Tillemont* two Volumes more of his *Hiſtoire des Empereurs Romains.* The third Volume reaching to *Diocleſian.* There is alſo there a Courſe of Architecture, by Mr. *Daviler*, and a new Edition of M. *Filibien*'s Architecture, Carving, Painting and other Arts that depend on them, with a Dictionary of the Terms peculiar toeach of thoſe Arts.

At *Rome* hath been publiſhed a Book call'd, *Le Antiche Lucerne Sepolchrali figurate*, &c. It is a Collection of Lamps which the Ancients uſed to lay in their Tombs, which Mr. *Bellori* hath cauſed to be drawn and engrav'd, with ſhort obſervations on each Lamp. It were to be wiſh'd that he had given a more particular explanation of the Symbols of all the Figures. 'Tis a vaſt field for the Lovers of Antiquity. There is alſo another Italian Book publiſhed at *Venice*, which is a Chronological Hiſtory of the Original of all the Orders of Knighthood, their Arms, Enſigns, Ceremonies, Atchievements by Sea and Land, their Motto's, Robes, *&c.*

In *Germany* they have publiſhed a Continuation of Mr. *Morhofius*'s *Polyhiſtor. ſive, De Notitia Auctorum & rerum Commentarii, quibus præterea varia ad omnes Diſciplinas Conſilia & Subſidia proponuntur*, Pars II.

To

To return home: The five Volumes in *fol.* of Abridgments of the Councils, by Dr. *Alix*, compil'd by the encouragement of the Lord Biſhop of *Salisbury* are ready for the Preſs: It is ſaid that Doctor *Alix* hath tranſlated the *Talmud* into Latin, which conſiſts of nine Volumes in *fol.* and that beſides this, he has finiſhed his Tranſlation of the whole Bible.

The Second Volume of the *Bibliotheca Patrum* engliſhed from the Original of Dr. *E. Dupin* will ſhortly appear. They write from *France*, that the Famous Biſhop of *Meaux* being incenſed againſt him, becauſe the Doctor hath tranſlated the *Pſalms*, which he himſelf intended to doe, hath denounced againſt him, and pretends to ſhow that ſeveral things in his Books are againſt the Roman Catholic Faith. And indeed the Doctor hath written too impartially, to be uſed better by the Bigotted of his Party.

'Tis time to give you an account of my two laſt *Enigma's*; the firſt means a *Lace*, the other a *News-letter*, or a *Gazette*. I have been honour'd with Solutions of both, in verſe, by a Young Lady of Quality in St. *James's* Square. That on the *Lace* in theſe words,

Dreſs up the ſlender Fancy once agair,
A Lady, though well Lac'd, *may yet be* plain.
I've hit your meaning to an inch,
And paid your Riddle with a Clinch.

A Pun, a quarter Quibble, nay, a very Carwichet had overpaid it by much.

The ſecond *Enigma* was ſolv'd in this Diſtich,

A ſtrange Conceit! I Mary, was it!
To make a Riddle of a Gazet,

R. Tanner, *W.* and *J. H.* ſolv'd both; *H. Horner*, *H. Hall*, and *N. C.* in Verſe; *Crytophilus*, Mr. *Weekes*, *J. F.* and Mr. *Legaſtick*, that on the *Lace* in Verſe. *E. Hodnett*, *P. H.* and *Parthenope* ſolv'd it alſo. And Mr. *Sorrel*, *J. W.* and *Oedipus*, that on a *Gazette*.

Having receiv'd a good number of *Enigma's*, I ſend you four this time; but becauſe I will not offer ſo many to ſolve, you will find the ſignification of the firſt in the *Contents*, at the beginning of the Book, for I am unwilling to defer the Inſertion, ſince it is an excellent deſcription, and may ſerve to ſhew the Beauties of a finiſh'd *Enigma*. It was ſent me, with ſome other ingenious Pieces by *Oſiris*.

Untaught, unskill'd, we paint each nobler ſound:
We Kingdoms form, and we Republics found.
Senſleſs and dead, we ſenſe and life impart,
Inrich the Head, and dignifie the Heart.

Abject

Abject our ſelves, we raiſe the Hero's name,
And ev'n perpetuate the voice of Fame.
Though a ſmall Troop, we're yet a numerous Throng,
The mighty Perſian's *Hoſt not half ſo ſtrong.*
By nature dumb, we every Language ſpeak;
Eternal talk, yet never ſilence break.
The charms of Proſe, and extaſies of Verſe,
Vertue, and Vice, we equally diſperſe.
When Science we or Piety diſpenſe,
We find not, ask, nor need a recompenſe.
Indiff'rently to all we're Subjects ſtill,
And are with Innocence apply'd to ill.
The Sons of Life, from an immortal ſpring,
As ſoon as born, the Fates to ruin bring,
Unleſs our aid we kindly interpoſe,
And the young mind, for long duration cloſe.

That which follows was ſent me by Mr. *J. G.* who tells me, he fears that the old fellow it deſcribes will ſoon be diſcover'd with putting him into the *Gazette.*

ENIGMA I.

There's an old fellow walks at ſuch a rate,
You'd take him for a Spaniard *by his gate.*
Pray, Who d'you think it is? He cannot hear,
Yet ſtill among good Muſic does appear.
If you ſhould ask how old he is, I'd anſwer,
He's old enough to be old Adam's *Grandſire*
He can doe nothing, yet 'tis ſuch a Don,
That ſtill, without him, nothing can be done.
He ruins all things, yet he ſtrikes no where;
On all things feeds, his harveſt's all the year.
To dark oblivion he turns all things over,
And yet, 'tis ſtrange, he all things does diſcover.
Thus his true Character you fully have,
But cannot think who 'tis, without his leave.

The following *Enigma* was ſent me by a Perſon whoſe ingenious Letters are ſubſcribed *A. Hatton.*

ENIGMA II.

I pleaſe the Court, the City, Camp and Town,
My Feathers are as ſoft as Cygnets Down:

Yet;

They're numerous, and yet my Head is bare,
Though lofty, yet no Plumes, nor Beak are there.
Four Feet I have, and therefore muſt diſclaim
Of aiery Bird the gay and pleaſing name.
One half almoſt of th'year, with Leaden wand,
Death's elder Brother does o'er me command:
But ſometimes he to active Love gives place,
Who makes me fruitfull with his warm embrace.

ENIGMA III. by Mr. *N. C.*

What's that each hour grows old and young?
Which dies each minute, lives again,
Makes ſtrong Men weak, and weak Men ſtrong;
Which flies in Joy, and creeps in Pain;
Unequal ſteps, too ſhort, or long:
A fruitfull Train it ever bears,
Then eats it all, and nothing ſpares.

Henry the Second, King of England, A new Play, by the Author of that call'd *Edward the Third,* which gave ſuch univerſal ſatisfaction, hath been acted ſeveral times with applauſe. It is a Tragedy, with a mixture of Comedy, and repreſents chiefly that part of *Henry* the Second's Life that relates to the famous *Roſamond.* Had you ſeen it acted, you would own that an Evening is paſs'd very agreeably, when at a Repreſentation of that pleaſing Piece.

We are promis'd a Comedy by Mr. *Shadwell* in a ſhort time, and two or three new Plays after that; which will be a pleaſing Entertainment for us this Winter.

The yielding Miſtreſs, out of French, by *Oſiris.*

I yeſterday my charming Phillis *found,*
Her Lips and Eyes glowing with am'rous flame,
Her bluſhing Checks confeſſing too the ſame,
And all with Wiſhes ſeeming to abound;
Her Husband ſleeping by her on the Bed,
Thus, in obliging words, ſhe ſoftly ſaid;
Your Paſſion now begins to touch my Heart.
Then, ſtooping gently to her ſide,
In moving whiſpers I reply'd;
Ah, Madam! long have I endur'd the Smart;
But were we now alone, What would you do?
She, with the ſofteſt languid Eyes,
Like one in ecſtaſie, replies
In broken ſighs, —Ah! That we were but ſo!

I had almoſt forgot to ſend you ſomething of your dear *Horace*: What follows, is a Tranſlation of the third Ode in his ſecond Book, by Mr. *J. G.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

IN Times adverſe ſtand firm my Friend,
And Scorn beneath th' oppreſſive weight to bend;
Calm and ſerene be ſtill thy Mind:
So, if the fickle mood of Fate proves kind,
Temper thy ſelf, repreſs immod'rate Joy;
For Death comes on, that muſt all States of Life deſtroy.

We muſt appointed Ills endure
Till the kind laſt, the Univerſal Cure;
Whether we grieve, or on the Graſs,
From Noiſe retir'd, our fleeting Hours we paſs,
And there to Mirth and Eaſe devote the Day,
And in old generous Juice drink anxious Thoughts away.

Where the ſtout Oak and Elm combine
In mutual Boughs, and amorouſly twine;
Under their hoſpitable Shade,
Cloſe by a purling Stream, ſupinely laid,
Which glides along in gentle Murmurs by,
And trembles o're the Stones that in its paſſage lie.

Bring Burdeaux *and* Champaign *here, Boy,*
And all that may promote luxurious Joy,
Whilſt we have Health and Fortunes left,
Before of theſe we're finally bereft;
Ere the black Hand of unrelenting Fate
Cut off the thread of Life, and Pleaſures are too late.

For Houſe, and Park, and purchas'd Lands
You muſt reſign, when Fate commands;
Leave your delightful ſtately Seat,
Which the Thames *waſhes flowing at its Feet:*
Then ſhall that Wealth you heap with reſtleſs Care,
Perhaps, be ſquander'd all by ſome unthankful Heir.

Whether you're Rich, and your high Race
A glorious Train of ancient Heroes grace,
Or ſprung, from Infamy and Shame,
And the lewd Sire unknown from whom you came;
Tho' to the Air expos'd, without a Home,
It matters not, ſince the relentleſs Grave ſpares none.

Thither alike we all must come;
We must receive from the dark Book of Doom,
Where ev'ry Mortal's Lot is cast,
Th' irrevocable Sentence, first or last,
Which dooms the Soul's inevitable Flight,
An Exile to the shades of everlasting Night.

Here you have heard what Advice *Horace* gives his Friend; that, which Mr. *R. T.* gives to *Cupid* in the following Latin Ode, is also too well expreſt not to be perus'd by you with pleaſure.

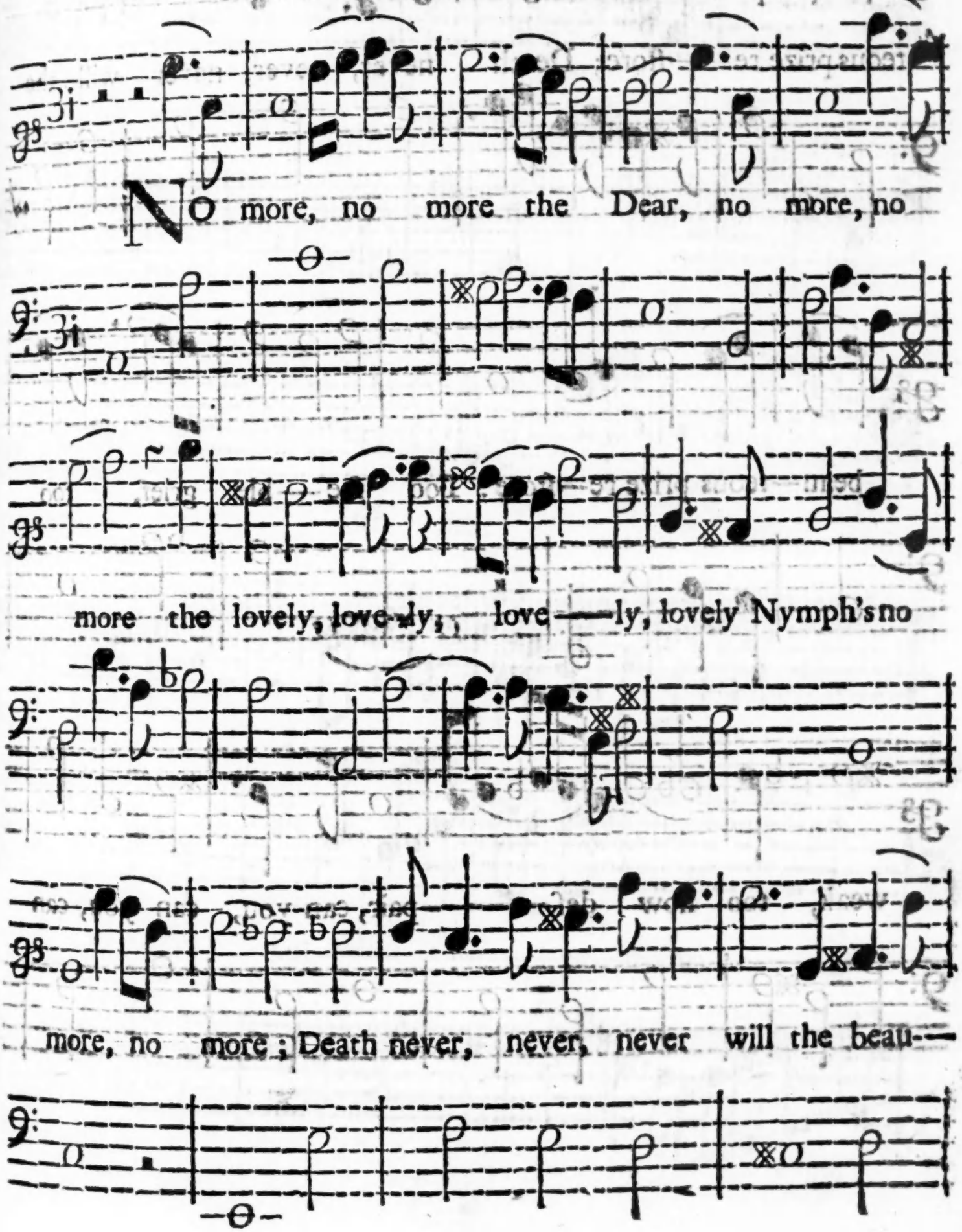
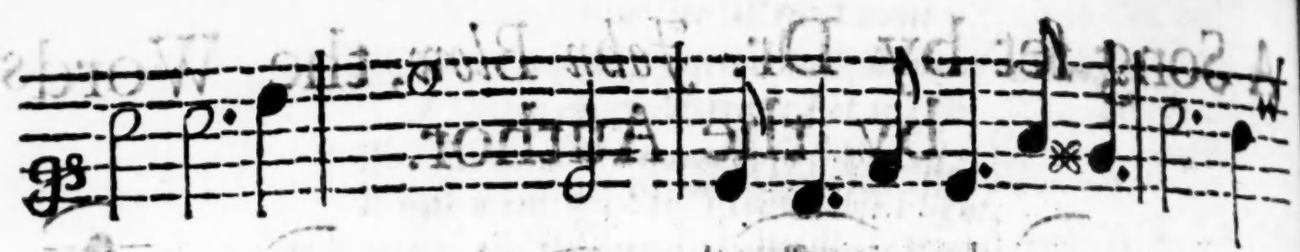
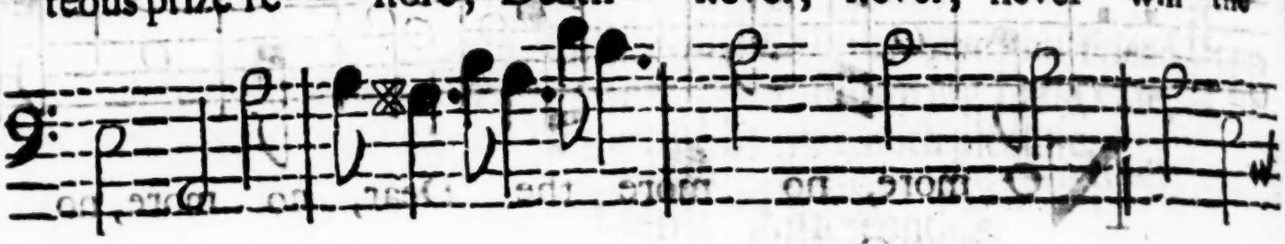
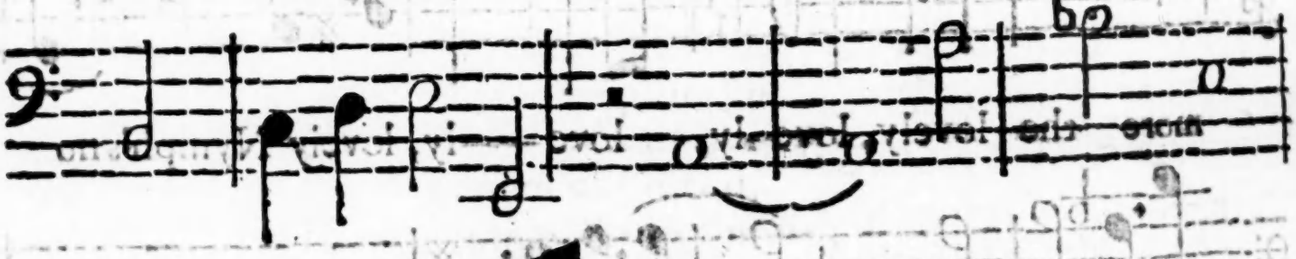
Ode. Metris Anacreonticis.
Ad Cupidinem.

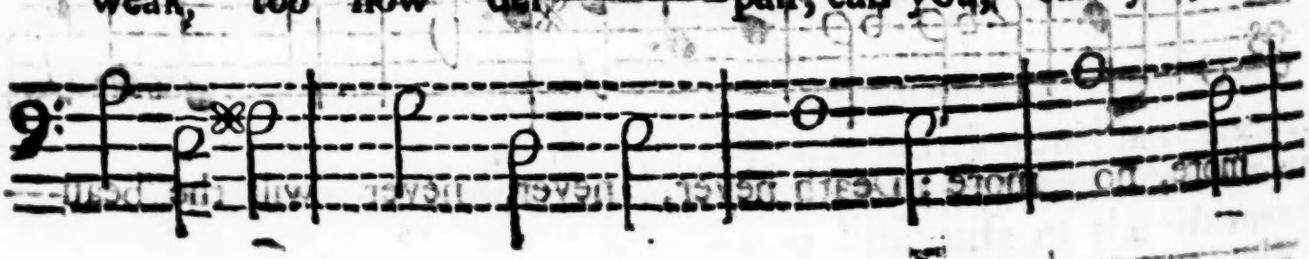
HUC adsis ô Cupido;
Huc auream pharetram,
Arcusque fer potentes;
Age, tange Philliden, jam
Malè duram, & arrogantem;
Fac, sauciata, molli
Liqueat furore; totam
Fac sentiat sagittam:
Nam, dum periculosâ
Impunè splendet aurâ,
Telisque ocellulorum,
Homines, Deosque perdit,
Num destinata quisquam
Tibi colla franget? aræ
Num quis tuæ litabit?
Caveas velim Cupido;
Tibi enim brevi peribit,
Salvo hoc manente corde,
Et nomen & potestas.

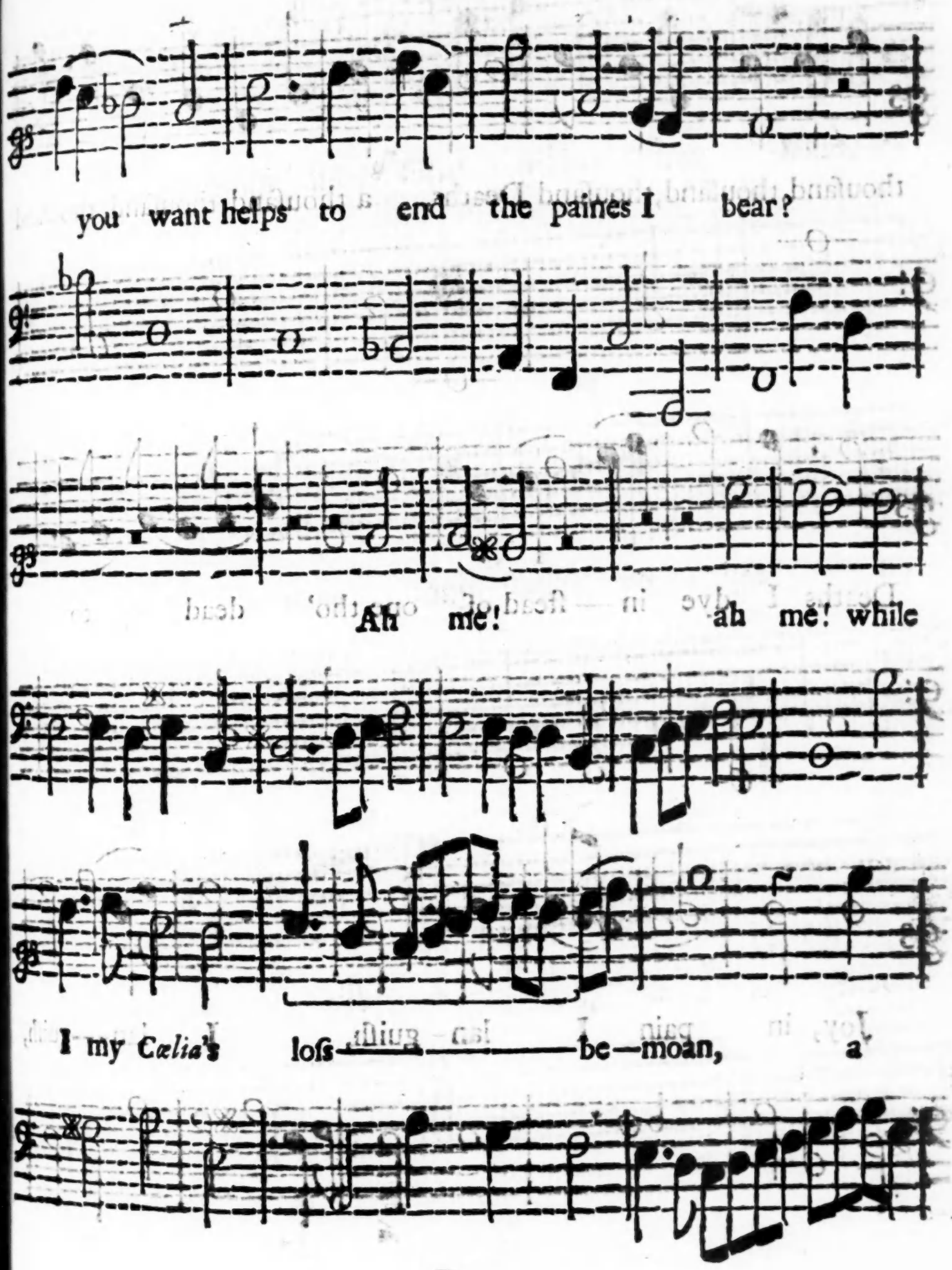
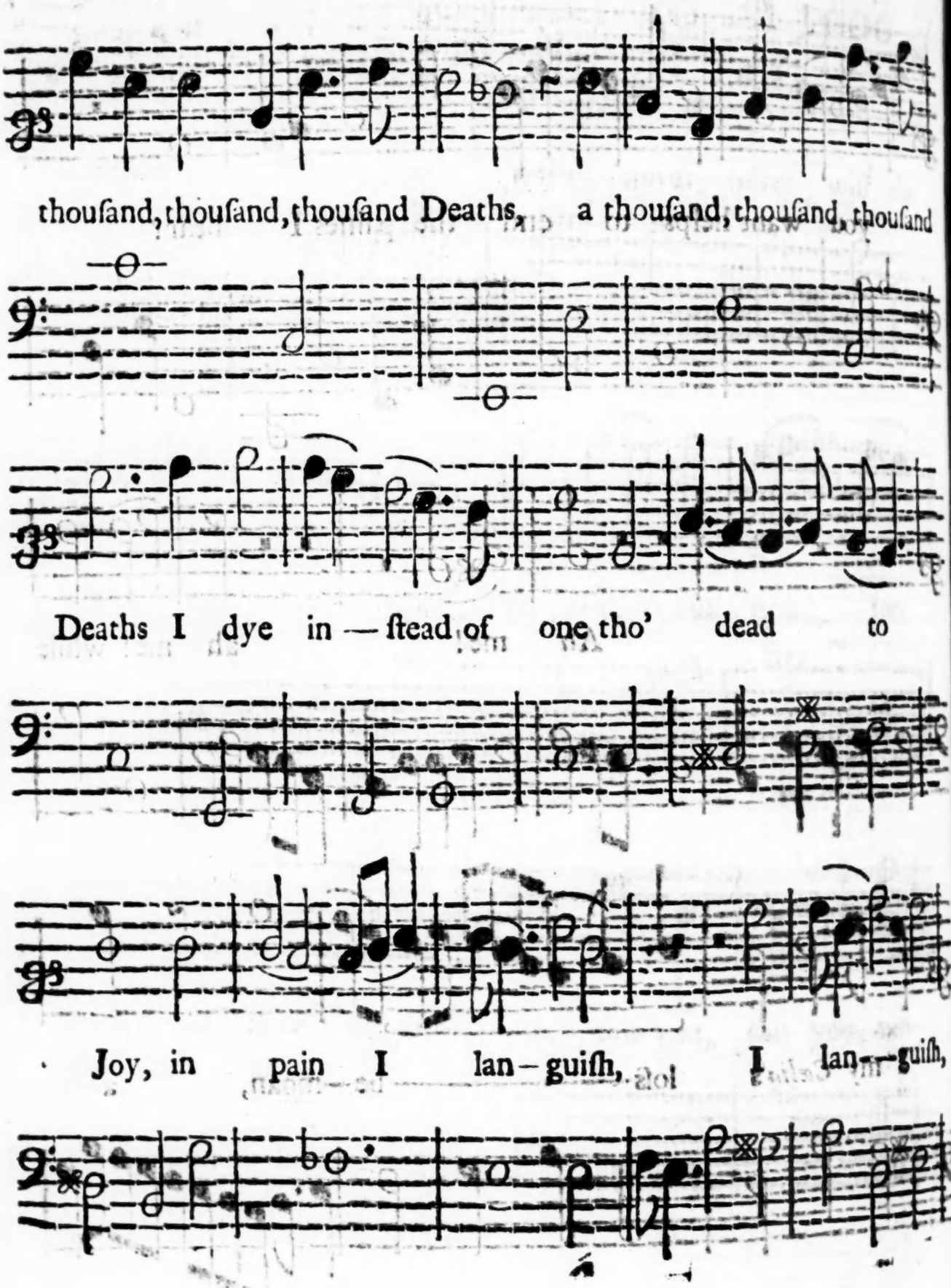
We are oblig'd to Love for a thouſand pleaſing Adventures: A Gentleman ſent me an Account of one, which I would have inſerted, was there not already ſomething much like it in Print. Another having writ to me about Mr. *Huygens* Diſcourſe of the *Harmonical Cycle*, I will ſend it him, if he pleaſe to let me know where. I intend to publiſh my next by the beginning of *December*. The two following Songs will infallibly pleaſe you, and that by that great Maſter Doctor *Blow*, alone, is amends enough for my delay.

SIR, I am your humble Servant,

P. M.

A Song set by Dr. *John Blow*, the Words by the Author.

No more, no more the Dear, no more, no
more the lovely, love-ly, love——ly, lovely Nymph's no
more, no more; Death never, never, never will the beau——

teous prize re——ſtore; Death never, never, never will the

beau—teous prize re—ſtore; Too fee—ble grief, too

weak, too ſlow def——pair, can you, can you, can

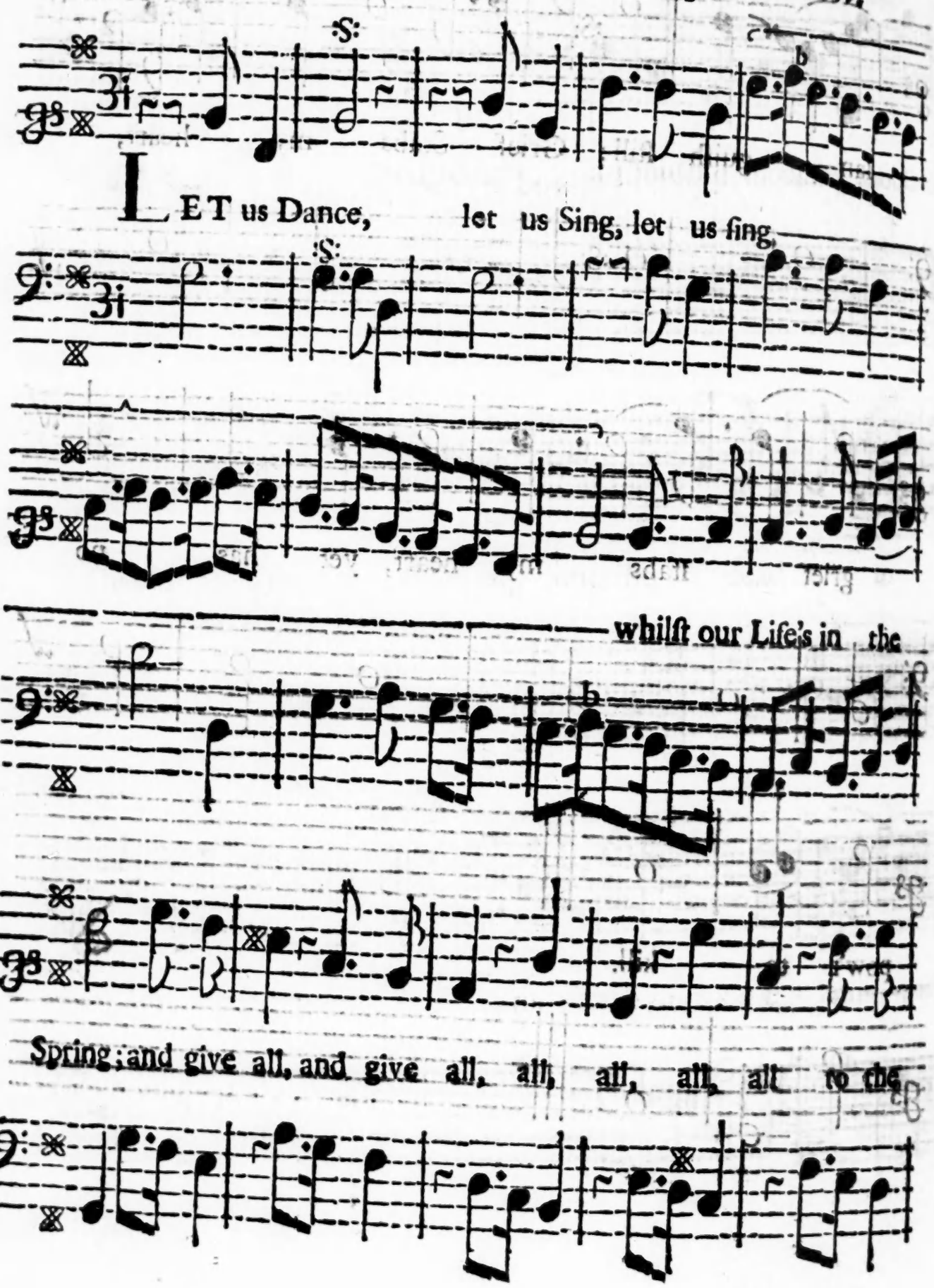
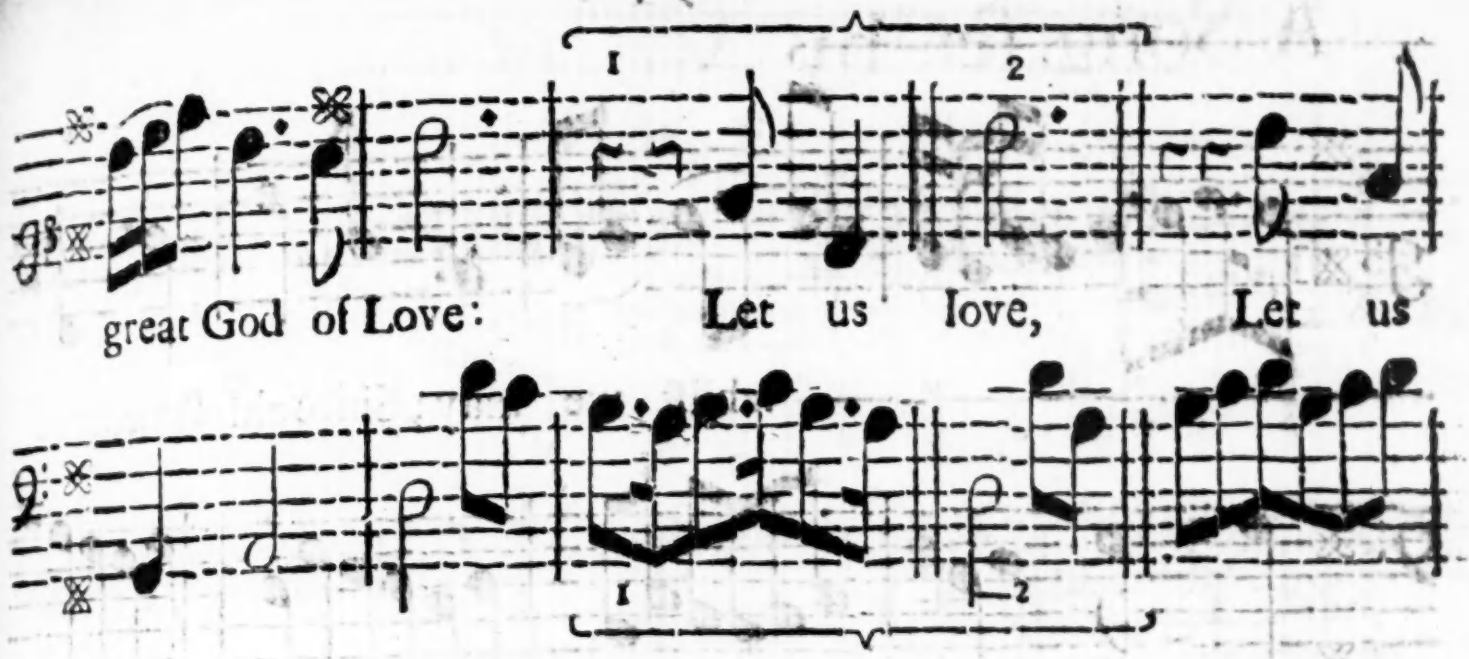
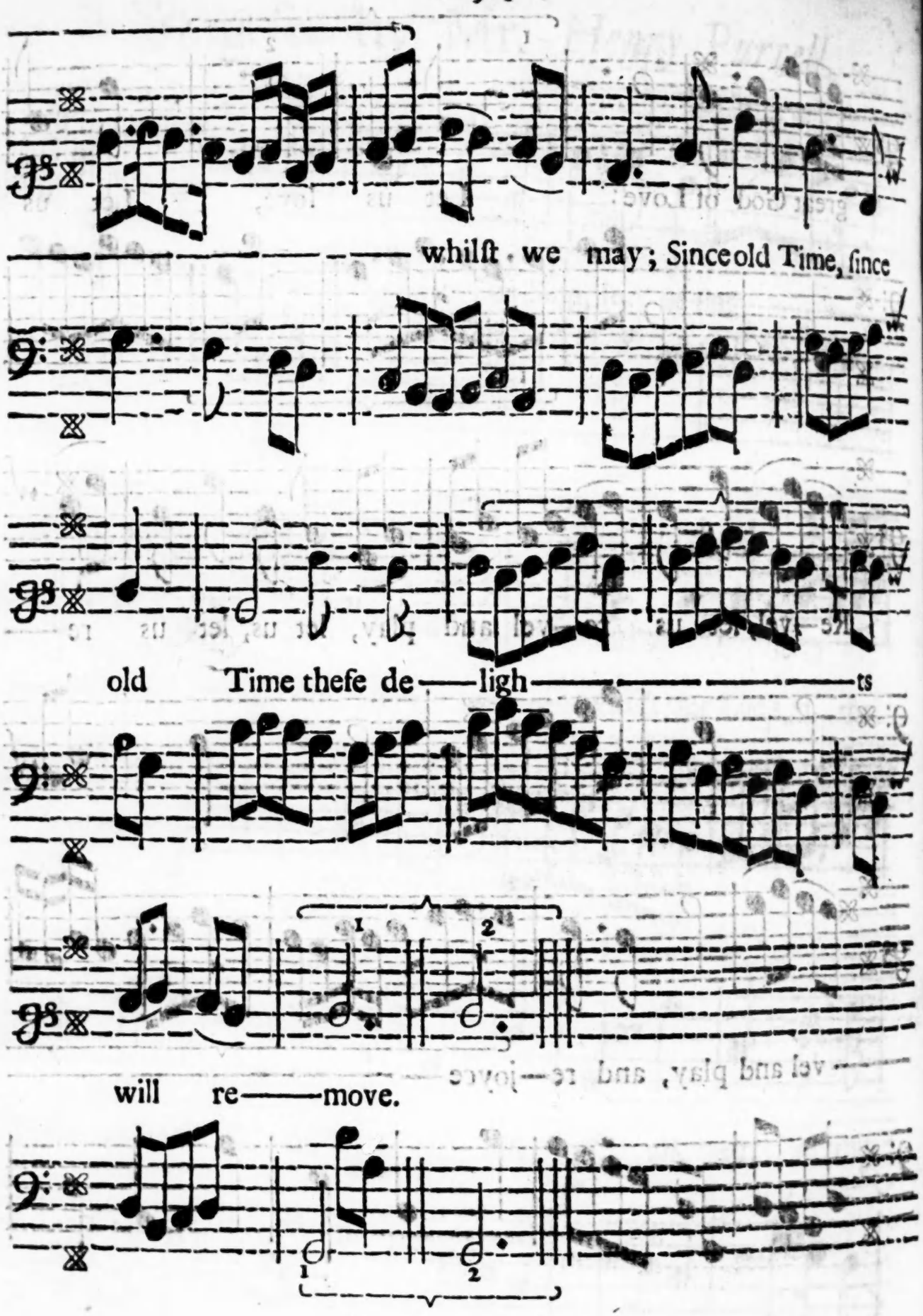



you want helps to end the paines I bear?
Ah me! ah me! while
I my Cælia's loss be-moan, a

thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Deaths, a thouſand, thouſand, thouſand
Deaths I dye in — ſtead of one tho' dead to
Joy, in pain I lan-guiſh, I lan--guiſh,

lan——guiſh ſtill; Grief Stabs my hearr,

grief ſtabs my heart, yet has no

pow'r to kill.

A Song set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

1
2
great God of Love: Let us love, Let us
1
2
Re—vel, let us re—vel and play, let us, let us re——
——vel and play, and re—joyce——

whilſt we may; Since old Time, ſince
old Time theſe de——ligh——ts
will re——move.

F I N I S.